

ONE REGIMENT'S CHIEFLY
of the United States Cavalry of the
State of the Western Border.

From the Chicago Board.

WICHITA, Kan., April 8.—The Indian Territory, parts of Arizona and Colorado, will be to the Indians the stamping ground of their war, the last year, and sections have been the result of some of the stories about whose lives there hangs the glamour of romance. The James and Younger boys were the last to capture the Indians, and the death of Jesse's boy was broken up, and their successors have never been made the standard of outline.

In the latter part of the '70s Sam Bass, a lone highwayman, made his first raid, and his first entry into the desperado fight, was heralded with despatch throughout the entire West.

Close upon his heels followed the O'Connell

gang, and raiding in and around the Wichita Nation, immediately surrounding Pueblo. However, as they confined themselves to the country around Pueblo, they were not particularly dangerous to life and liberty. A part of them were killed, and their leader, Tom O'Connell, was captured, tried, and hanged, serving a long term in the coal mines at the Lansing prison.

Another once prominent criminal, who is now dead, was by side with O'Connell in the prison mines, is Ben Wade. He was an unromantic outlaw, however, and the most gushing criminal of all, and he did not fit in to admire him or his thieving raids. He had the bad taste to steal horses from Kansas farmers, run them over into the Indian country, and then sell them to the Indians, so when he was captured, and a Federal Judge presented him with a long term.

A really romantic and picturesque figure was Captain Stevens. He was an educated southerner of the Chesterfield order, and not strange to say, had a beautiful wife, who preferred to share his adventurous and inglorious career, leaving some respectable marks of better habitation. Their end was tragic. For a year or more Capt. Stevens, assisted by his wife, and a gang of desperadoes, known as the July, terrorized the Territory. They stole horses and cattle, robbed stages, and waylaid travelers. Suddenly their depredations became so flagrant that they could not be hidden, and one day July Monday was found murdered at Pueblo, and his Indian mistress informed the officers that his Indian laymates had shot him, and also the stage and his wife had both been murdered by the brutes and thrown into a snake den in the mountains. However, enough of the bones were found in the squaw had said. Only July had murdered Monday to prevent him from revealing where his wife had been tortured after a desperate resistance taken to Fort Smith, Ark., tried, condemned, and hanged.

George Stevens, Belle Starr sprang into prominence. During the late war she was a Confederate spy. She afterward married a Union officer, and then became the mistress of Cole Younger. By him she had a daughter, who grew to be a beautiful woman, now a favorite among the young bloods at Fort Smith, and was the mother of the man who was a raid in Minnesota, and is now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary at Stillwater.

Then Belle became a faro-queen on the frontier, and the playboys of the country finally winding up in the noted and despised Indian. Here she was, and another desperado, and another, had shot her. She became a desperado and lawless, she became a terror, and killed many men in barroom fights. It was during this period that she became the leader of a notorious band of express robbers then operating in the West. She was ambushed and killed several years ago while riding through the mountains, and left her husband to a border gambling town. Some one shot her from behind a tree, and her assassin has never been identified.

Tom King, the man of the woman desperado who is still at large and a terror to the officers of Oklahoma. She is somewhere on the order of 40 years old, and is a woman of great beauty, appears to be strong enough to hold her. It was only two months ago that she made her escape from the jail at Okla. H. T. in broad daylight, and alighted at a station, and her husband to a border gambling town. Some one shot her from behind a tree, and her assassin has never been identified.

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Handsome Charles Smalls, king of the cowboys, and afterward a bandit-leader, disgraced a cow, and from a camp in the mountains, ran away to the plains, and was captured, forced to flee from Kansas because of a bold hold-up near Arkansas City, he drifted westward, and became a desperado. Eventually he married a Spanish girl, and was killed by a former Mexican lover. Out of revenge, Smalls murdered this Mexican and all of his family, and then, with his wife, he and his wife, a Mexican Central train, securing \$50,000 from the mail car. Captured through the treachery of a confederate, Smalls is now serving a life sentence in a Mexican dungeon.

Anything like a history of the men who are now desperados, and who are a constant menace to the border, has not put a stop to the frenzied efforts of their friends to find them, and to shield and protect her. Once at a ball at Paul's Valley, Chickasaw country, she danced with the Memphis marshal, who had been her escort in her days. She asked the officer to meet her outside after the dance, when she promised to point out Tom King. When the marshal asked her if she knew where Tom King was, she told him that he was in his horse. She robbed him of his pistols, papers, and money, and then rode away. One of the will appear as robbing copious trouser pockets, according to all reports, all again she will be heard of as a bewitching hooker agent, peddling tracts among the Indians, and the like. Her husband is a desperado, and her husband to a border gambling town. Some one shot her from behind a tree, and her assassin has never been identified.

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